

booty

MORE
ADVENTURES
IN AUTO-BIO

#19

SEPT. 2003
to
MARCH 2005

very
very
delayed

(WHERE I LIVE NOW)
AMHERST



PLEASE BE
GOOD CATS!

STOP CLAWING
THE COUCH!

GREAT
BARRINGTON,
MASSACHUSETTS

←
IS WHERE
I CAME
FROM
(MOST
RECENTLY)

WHITE
RIVER
JUNCTION,
VERMONT

→
IS WHERE
I AM GOING
(OR VERY
CLOSE TO IT)

MRRROW?

CRABBY
SIAMESE
CATS.

SO MUCH
YOWLING!

MRRROW!

MUSIC FOR THIS ISSUE:


RADIOHEAD HAIL TO THE THIEF (OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN...) • LOTS OF BJÖRK (but mostly MEDÚLLA and GREATEST HITS) • THE DITTY BOPS (eponymous) • THE POGUES THE VERY BEST OF ... • ROBYN HITCHCOCK I OFTEN DREAM OF TRAINS • PRINCE THE HITS I (my guilty pleasure) • HÜSKER DÜ CANDY APPLE GREY • THE POSTAL SERVICE GIVE UP • CIBO MATTO VIVA LA WOMAN! • THE SMITHS HATFUL OF HOLLOW • PJ HARVEY IS THIS DESIRE? • JIMMY EAT WORLD FUTURES • THE DRESDEN DOLLS (eponymous) • MINISTRY IN CASE YOU DIDN'T FEEL LIKE SHOWING UP (LIVE) • THE CURE JOIN THE DOTS ... ♥

b o o t y

#19

September 2003
to
March 2005

WELL, WELCOME, EVERYONE, TO THE TAIL END OF MY TRANSITIONAL YEAR. I MEAN THIS IN THE SENSE THAT I FIGURED I'D BE IN THE FIVE COLLEGES AREA FOR A YEAR? THEN WE'D SEE. I WANTED A YEAR KIND OF OFF FROM ACADEMIA, BUT DIDN'T WANT TO GO TOO FAR FOR REASONS THAT'LL BE OBVIOUS LATER IN THE ISSUE. AND I WANTED SOMETHING LOW-PRESSURE- I GOT ENOUGH OF THAT IN THE LAST JOB. MOSTLY I JUST NEEDED TIME AWAY FROM WHAT AND WHO I'D BECOME, AND TO GO SOMEWHERE WHERE I WASN'T A KNOWN QUANTITY.

IT'S BEEN A NICE NEARLY-NINE MONTHS. I HAVE A MOST EXCELLENT FLATMATE, A KICK-ASS MANDOLIN TEACHER, A FUNKY RESEARCH ASSOCIATESHIP (AND THIS COMPLETELY RAD WRITING GROUP), A JOB I FIND ODDLY SATISFYING (IF ALSO RETAIL AND UNDERPAYING), AND MOSTLY A LOT OF QUIET. NOBODY'S KNOCKED ON MY DOOR NEEDING MY HELP OR ATTENTION FOR MONTHS, AND THIS IS A VERY GOOD THING. I AM ONLY ACCOUNTABLE FOR MY OWN WELL-BEING (and the cats. and Dharma ). I'M FINALLY FEELING RESTED AND RIGHTED, LIKE I'M BACK ON AS EVEN A KEEL AS I GET.

HAPPY READING. BE WELL.

♥, anne

AW HELL!
I JUST UNPACKED THE
LAST  BOX OF
CRAP!

LOOKS MORE+
MORE LIKE ALISON
BECHDEL'S STUFF!
VERY INADVERTENT.
HONEST-TO-GOD!



booty



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exceptions where noted.
please, please ask
before reprinting
anything other than
fair use. play nice.



some trades welcome.
please contact first.



DON'T GET ATTACHED TO THIS
ADDRESS- IT'S CHANGING COME AUGUST.



ANNE THALHEIMER
121F BRITTANY MANOR DR.
AMHERST MA 01002



motes@simons-rock.edu



HERE I AM, REALIZING
JUST HOW VERY LONG
IT'S BEEN
SINCE
I'VE DONE
ANY KIND
OF COMIC.

Holy
shit.

Oh god...

i can explain...

IT'S TRUE.
I CAN EXPLAIN.
THERE'S KIND OF
BEEN A LOT
GOING ON... W
THE LAST 14
MONTHS...

I MOVED...

fuck.

(june)

...IN 90° HEAT. UGH.

MY MOM GOT CANCER.

fuck.

BREAST
CANCER.

(february)

MY MUCH-LOVED CAR DIED.
PERMANENTLY.

HOOD

ENGINE

BIG PUDDLE OF TRANSMISSION
FLUID...

FUCK!!

(june, and july...)

I TURNED
THIRTY.

Wa-
fucking-
hoo.

(october)

I LEFT THREE-YES, THREE-AWFUL JOBS.
TWO OF 'EM INVOLVED
NAMETAGS.

(spring)

i am so not getting paid
enough to put up with
this fucking bullshit.

ANNE

MY MOM DID CHEMO... AND
ENDED UP
HAVING TO
HAVE A
DOUBLE
MASTECTOMY
ANYWAY.

(september)

BUT SOME AWESOME STUFF
HAPPENED ALSO. I FLEW
ALL OVER THE
PLACE.

BYE!

LONDON.
SAN DIEGO.
ATHENS (GA)
REYKJAVIK.

YES-
ICELAND.
it's awesome. ♥

I FINALLY GOT MY MOM TO GIVE ME THE
OLD GIBSON MANDOLIN THAT'S BEEN
KICKING AROUND OUR FAMILY FOR
FIFTY-PLUS YEARS WITH NO ONE WHO
COULD REALLY PLAY IT. UNTIL NOW.



I'M TAKING LESSONS.

uhh...

I'M STILL
KIND OF NOT
VERY GOOD.

I DID MY JOB. I'M A
HIPSTER
SHOPGIRL
BY DAY,
AND A
RESEARCH
ASSOCIATE
BY NIGHT

I'M SORT OF IN
THE CLOSET NOW
ABOUT BEING AN
ACADEMIC COS
IT SURE AS HELL
DOES NOT PAY
THE DAMN BILLS.

SO, ALL IN ALL... YEAH. OOPS?

er... um...
...uh, fuck!

← TRYING TO
APPEAR
CHARMING...

and

THERE'S ALWAYS ONE STORY THAT
HOLDS UP EVERYTHING.



USUALLY BECAUSE I CAN'T FIGURE
OUT A
DECENT
ENDING.
OR I'M NOT
SURE WHAT
TO WRITE.



16 NOV 04



* YOU UNBELIEVABLE BASTARD.



* YOU SUCK BIG-TIME EPIC-STYLE.



* HOW COULD YOU?!



* WHAT THE FUCK?!



* SO YOU TELL ME ALL THIS SHIT ABOUT LIKING MY WORK?



* I HATE THIS.)



* YOU CALLED ME A
SUPER STAR...



* AND HAVEN'T SPOKEN TO ME SINCE.
WHICH, BY THE WAY, SORTA SUCKS.



* I AM SORRY FOR SAYING STUFF
WHICH FREAKED YOU OUT. I AM.



* BUT, UM, I'M KIND OF PISSED OFF NOW



* BECAUSE I MISTAKENLY
THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS.



* AND I'D HOPED TO BE
TREATED A LITTLE BETTER...

... NOT BECAUSE OF ANY FAMILIARITY
BETWEEN US, BUT BECAUSE IT'S
JUST A SUCKY THING TO STOP
TALKING TO SOMEONE, TOTALLY,

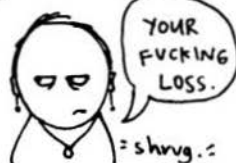


and i don't
think i
deserved
that,
exactly.
i just don't.

AND WHILE PART OF ME
STILL WANTS TO KICK
YOU IN THE SHINS
AND YELL...

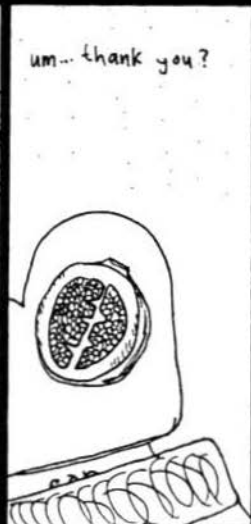
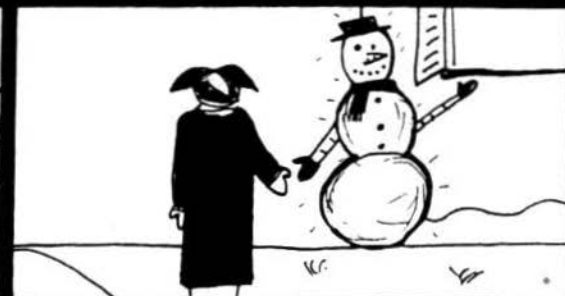


THE OTHER PART OF ME IS JUST
ANNOYED AT HAVING WASTED SO
MUCH TIME ON
SOMEONE
WHO
FINDS ME
SO
DISPOSABLE.



end.





So, about this time last year I went to REYKJAVÍK for a few days, mostly just to go. The trip was one of these Icelandair package deals so cheap (even by my standards) that I could not let the opportunity pass.

20
FEB
05



That's a
fuckin'
glacier
over there!

The landscape was unbelievable.
Iceland is mostly volcanic rock - it really
does look like those lunar landing pictures
and there aren't a whole lot of trees.

My friend Lesley and I had talked about doing a package tour around the ring road (Iceland has one big highway that goes in a circle around the glaciers) but it proved prohibitively expensive & the idea was abandoned... until I found out about the Icelandair trip. Leave on Monday, come back Thursday, hotel, air, transfer and taxes all included... for only slightly more than a week's salary - and remember I was working that crappy R.D. job at the time.

HOW
MUCH
£?!

HOW
MUCH
\$?
THAT'S IT?
FOR ALL
OF IT?
UM, OKAY, GO
AHEAD AND BOOK
THAT... YOU HAVE
MY CREDIT
CARD NUMBER...

So I went. We landed at 6.40 am at Keflavík, and it was dark. Still dark after clearing customs and getting on the Flybus, where I attempted (unsuccessfully) to nap after realizing the drive was an hour to Reykjavík and it would probably still be dark when we got there. It was.



Im on
holiday!

...on
the
MOON!

But once I got to the
hotel and had breakfast,
I was anxious to get
outside.



← not sleeping :-

I didn't know too much about Iceland before I went - I mostly thought of the Sugarcubes and Björk, a language I had no hope of speaking, funky landscapes, and a kind of unique cultural attitude - a kind of 'fuck you, we'll do it our way' kind of thing. Check it out: Iceland (in 1980) was the first country ANYWHERE to elect a female president. And she was a single mom too. Rock! ♥



and dark
cold, too.

Okay, yes. Kind of cold and kind of dark.

But also kind of SUPERFUCKING CLOSE to the ARCTIC CIRCLE!!
(the closest I'll ever get, anyway).

I did a lot of walking, and I did go to The Blue Lagoon (on Ash Wednesday). 2
It was snowing and the place was mostly deserted, save for our tourbus.

Elipuitte demands you shower, sans suit, before entering Bláa Lonið.

So, I did, and discovered a six year old staring at me, with her mom scolding for staring. I wasn't sure if she was transfixed by my fire-engine red hair, the tattoos, or my pasty pale fat self. ♥



↖ Geothermal Girl

I also went to the mall (Kringlan) in part because they had a LUSH♥ but also because part of what I love while traveling is to snack! It feels like such an easy way to learn something about another culture. I love grocery shopping in foreign places! I got hooked on vanilla SKYR, which was weird as I usually don't like yogurt. Honestly. But between shopping at HAGKAUP in Kringlan and BÓNUS on Laugavegur cup the road from the creepy-weird ICELAND PHALLOLOGICAL MUSEUM-!!) I found some excellent things.



I passed this → around the dorm when I got home—very few folks ate it—most spat it out. It was quickly nicknamed 'pepperpuker.' There are 3 other kinds—

hlauppúkar

↗ both sort of fruity gummis

fýlupúkar

and kúlupúkar—a chocolate covered caramel.



oh, you handsome devil! ♥

PIPARPÚKAR

is some kind of fucking hell-licorice with red spicy something sprinkled all over it! OH MY GOD!



50ml and I'm still working on it a year. oof.

Bought at airport



very malty. and good when mixed with orange soda. I kid you not.

ICELANDIC DEATH SCHWAPPS!

But mostly everything else was really stellar licorish (lakkrís)—often in candy bars. Like TROMP: lakkrís og marsipan í súkkulað-ihjúp... which tasted like a marsipan + licorish center covered with chocolate.

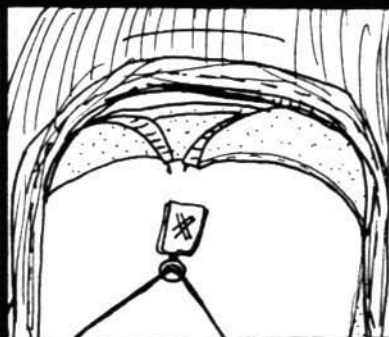
it was great.

I can not wait to go back! ♥ hopefully soon. ♥ oh yes.

end



It's March already,
much to my astonishment.
My apartment's really
hot. I live on the top
floor, so all the
heat rises. Hence
the tank top and
open window.



But the
view from
up here's...
a little
unfamiliar.

Lately, anyway.

03
MAR
05

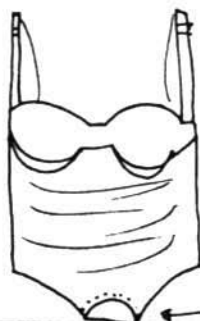


It was like these
weird things just
suddenly showed up
when I was a
kid. I don't even
remember it
happening.



I do, however, remember my mother
taunting me when I was
maybe in seventh grade
for not wearing "under-
wear" — i.e. I wasn't
wearing a bra or any
other such garment.

prissed off rather
than embarrassed!



See, my mom wore
these things —
"teddies" —
a bra and
underwear
all in one.
With a
snap crotch!
Ugh!



I would often get frustrated by her
teasing me but never helping me —
I honestly don't remember her ever
taking me shopping for a bra.

Not even once.

So I'd swipe a teddy, chop off
the bottom, and wear that.

the truth is I spent a LOT of time
in my twenties very angry with



my mother for
just not being
present when I
was doing that
whole "coming-
of-age" thing,
and jealous of
other women
whose moms were.

It took me a long time to come to
peace with knowing that my
mother was just trying to survive...

... I remember once my grandmother, on my
father's side, forced me to go to a Children
of Alcoholics meeting. It was hugely awful.



Come to
a
meeting.

I was probably
about 14 at
the time, and
just couldn't deal.

It was probably
around the time
my father moved
out, actually.

(He's also a recovering alcoholic — like my mom
and my grandmother, but that's a tangent.)



I'll be damned. At the time, Victoria's Secret had no-hassle returns, and I had a checking account. Point for trial + error.

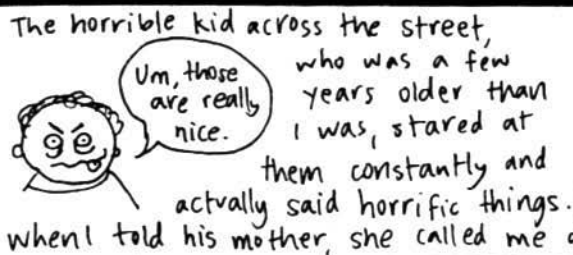


still, I can't quite figure out where in my family all the knockers came from.

2

It took a damn long time to get used to them.

(Actually, it took me a long time not to hate 'em)



Um, those are really nice.

The horrible kid across the street, who was a few years older than I was, stared at them constantly and actually said horrific things.

When I told his mother, she called me a liar!

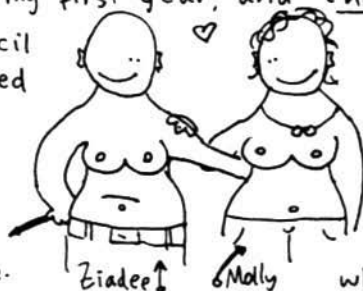
And later in high school, there was this guy... and I was drunk, and it was all horribly disturbing.

Mmm... those are so erotic...



(Actually, what it was was assault)

So I was very used to thinking of breasts as terrifying scary things...until college. I was at a party, and I think it was my first year, and these two women were drunk and doing "the pencil test" while standing around half-naked and I remember really marvelling at how comfortable they were.



Pencil test:

breast + pencil =

if it stays, they're "large" + if not = small? what the fuck?!

Okay, it was probably because they were drunk, but it was a big fucking watershed for me.



Hi Folks.

many years drawing myself like this. something! missing!!

And there are still



FFFUCKKK!!

some days where I put on a bra and can't get comfy and it makes me very grumpy.

But mostly I've come to accept 'em for what they are. Partially this is due to my superstar friend Sylvie who loves bikinis and took great pleasure in ordering 'em like so: "Hi! I want a bikini. Top size? BIG BIG BIG! Ass? Not so big."

she gave me a J-Crew bikini top. ♥



Hi again

bon. she's kinda fat

she's the reason I wrote



Well, what the fuck?

much of my dissertation in a bikini top.

The unpleasant thing is that I just feel so disconnected from them lately.
From all of my bodily me.



None of the women in my family really have large breasts — my mom's mom died years ago, and my dad's mom lost so much weight — deliberately — that hers just vanished. And when my mom finally gained weight, hers got big. Like mine finally made sense, in some genetic kind of way.



③

But now she doesn't have any anymore.



It's been months since the mastectomy. Mastectomies?

I mean, they took both.



I haven't seen the scars.



I'm not sure I will. What I see is lack.

she said that she doesn't miss them.



Really.

That it's okay.

But I do.



I didn't think I was going to feel this way.



And it isn't something I've talked about much.

And I'm not so sure that I can explain.



But maybe it's at the heart of why things have been so difficult lately.



Or why I've been so difficult lately.

I feel like so much is shifting.

I'm just getting used to being my own person again after that insane R.D. job where it felt like every time I opened my door, someone took a piece of me from me.



"now I'm hardly getting over it" "hardly getting used to getting by..." —hüster dü
and now I'm some new persona, the hipster shopgirl, who still can't really get it together.

But she won't last long either, I suspect.

I have this strange well of rage inside me.



A cartoon illustration of a man with a distressed expression, holding a telephone receiver to his ear. A speech bubble next to him says "WHAT THE HELL?".

A simple line drawing of a man's head and shoulders. He has a neutral, slightly grumpy expression. A speech bubble is coming out of his mouth, containing the letters 'WH'.

Not like I
wasn't thinking
it anyway.

No breast-

feeding

Ex-ample

Mom with
breast ca

Risk

Back

Ris

RiS

[illegible]

Which utterly terrifies me and I can't shake it.

I seem to be
doing that
well enough
on my own.

Self-defeating.

Useless.

A black and white line drawing of a person's head and shoulders. The person has a serious, somewhat somber expression with heavy-lidded eyes and a straight, unsmiling mouth. Their hair is pulled back into a bun or ponytail. They are wearing a garment with a bold, geometric pattern, possibly a shawl or a traditional robe, and a simple necklace with a small pendant. The drawing style is minimalist, using only black outlines on a white background.

curled up on couch,
watching DVD
after DVD after DVD

and some days it feels like



that
is
never
gonna
change.

A black and white line drawing of a woman's face and upper torso. She has a sad expression with heavy-lidded eyes and a downturned mouth. She is wearing a dark, textured shawl or coat over a light-colored top, and a simple necklace with a small pendant. Her hair is pulled back, and she has small earrings.

end

MY CAR DIED OVER THE SUMMER, BUT HAD BEEN KIND OF UNRELIABLE FOR A LONG WHILE PRIOR.

SO I BOUGHT A BIKE. I FIGURED I'D COMMUTE ON THAT ON WEEKENDS + OTHERWISE TAKE THE BUS UNTIL I GOT THE WHOLE CAR-BUYING-THING SORTED OUT.
BUT...

COOL!

I ACTUALLY GOT REALLY INTO THE BIKING.



WH-- IT WAS A HURRICANE, AS IT TURNED OUT. SMALL DETAIL.



HERE'S THE POINT.
I SIGNED UP FOR A DAY OF THE...

MASS RED RIBBON RIDE.org

I'LL BE BIKING 75 MILES TO RAISE FUNDS FOR ORGANIZATIONS THROUGHOUT MASSACHUSETTS THAT PROVIDE SERVICES TO THOSE LIVING WITH HIV & AIDS, EDUCATION, PREVENTION, LEGAL ADVOCACY, COUNSELING, MEALS, ETC. (YOU CAN READ MORE ONLINE). THERE ARE APPROX. 1,000 NEW INFECTIONS EVERY YEAR IN MA, WITH APPROX. 22,000-24,000 PEOPLE CURRENTLY INFECTED WITH HIV... AND IT IS ESTIMATED THAT AT LEAST ONE-THIRD OF THEM DO NOT KNOW. (I HAVE NOT DONE FUNDRAISING FOR A WHILE - AND I HONOR MY AIDS WALK PHILLY TEAMMATES (BOO-YAH DERRICKS!) BY RISING TO THIS NEW CHALLENGE.

♥ HERE'S WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU:

- any donation gets you some sort of small goody
 - \$15 = a limited-edition hand-colored comic (or, if you already have one, I'll make a minicomic just for you!)
 - \$30 = custom art (we'll talk specifics)
- anything more than \$30, we'll have a chat about what funky goodies I can send your way.

You can donate online

by visiting my ride page → http://www.massredribbonride.org/site/TR?pg=personal&fr_id=1000&px=1003482

or mailing a check made out to MASS RED RIBBON RIDE to me.

anne thalheimer
121F Brittany Manor Drive
Amherst MA 01002-3125

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE TAX-DEDUCTIBLE! notes@simons-rock.edu

Global: 39⁴ million people worldwide are living with HIV/AIDS.

- 25 million people have died, including 3.1 million last year alone.
- Since 2002, the number of ♀ with HIV has increased in every region of the world, with East Asia experiencing the sharpest increase - up 56%, to 2.3 million - followed by Eastern Europe and Central Asia.

In the United States:

- The proportion of AIDS cases reported among adolescent & adult women has more than tripled since 1986.
- ♀ represent more than 1 in 3 new HIV infections and 1 in 4 new AIDS cases.
- Approx. 40,000 new HIV infections occur each year - half are estimated to be among folks age 25+ younger.
- 70% of HIV-positive women contracted HIV through heterosexual sex.

HIV Hotline: toll-free
1-800-235-2331
HIV RTT: 617-437-1672

and thank you for reading!

I HAVEN'T DONE ONE OF THESE IN A WHILE!

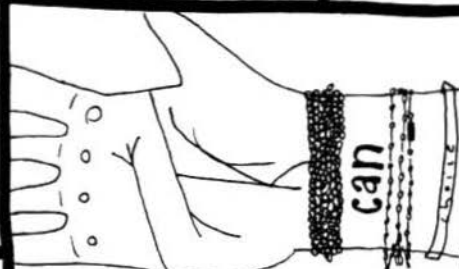
★ STUFF i love

TO COUNTERACT THIS ISSUE BEING A BIG OLD MOPE-FEST, AGAIN...

16 MARCH 05



SPRING...
at long
fucking
last!



My newest tattoo

MY EVIL-ETE
EARRINGS.
I GOT 'EM
IN A
GOODWILL IN
DELAWARE
TEARS AGO.



I STILL LOVE THE WAY YOU
SPENCER YELLS 'TEAM'!

WEEKENDS IN NYC WITH PATIENT
FRIENDS...
I SWEAR SAINTS ALP WAS HERE
6M MOTT STREET SOMEWHERE...
CAN WE KEEP LOOKING?!

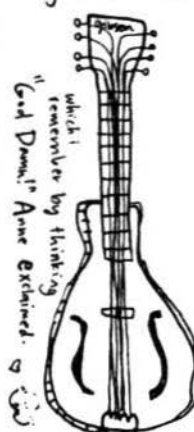
THE CRAZY
MUSCLES
THAT
SHOW UP
IN MY
LEGS
WHEN
I BIKE-
COMMUTE
TO MY
RETAIL
JOB.



THE DRESDEN DOLLS!

BRECHTIAN PUNK CABARET!

My mandolin.



8 strings, 4 notes: G D A E

which I
remember by thinking
"Gud Dama!" Anne exclaimed.

my "european style" windowbox garden.

tarragon | arugula | fennel | parsley | cilantro

...hyacinth,

I can
not stop
listening
to this CD.
It is
that good.



BUYING FRESH-ROASTED BULK



THE ALIEN-LOOKING
KITTYBOYS. BUT MAN!
CAN THEY
YOWL...



I still love getting snailmail.

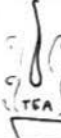
Stripoy socks.



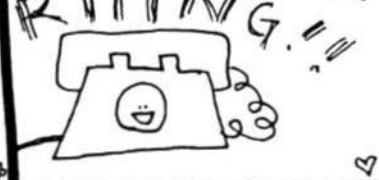
FUNKY HATS, AND ESPE-
CIALLY THE FOLKS WHO
SEND THEM TO ME!

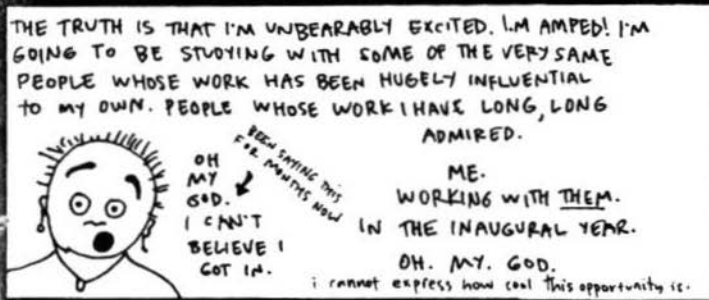
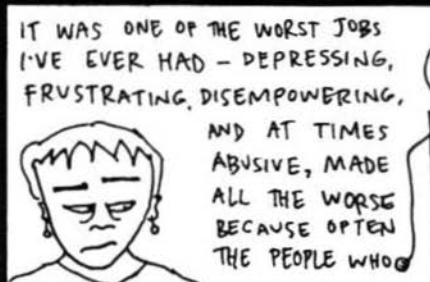


BLOOD
ORANGE



FRIENDS NEAR & FAR. YOU KNOW WHO
YOU ARE.





An Electrograph Analysis of Your Handwriting

ELECTROGRAPH ANALYSIS grades handwriting some two hundred different ways. Read the listing on this page, combine this with star checked off characteristics at the bottom. This combination will relate a picture of your personality.

PERSONALITY

This type of individual to the hand writing expert is a sacrificing and good natured person who would do without just to help others. A realist who is very active in civic affairs and makes each day succeed. Loves meeting people and is interested in all matters. Very sensible and understanding Is easily hurt. Like to keep troublesomematters to themselves. Otherwise, a happy and contented person.

BASIC CHARACTERISTICS

Aggressive	Gullible	Conceited	Hasty	Realistic	Undependable
Creative	Inscrutable	Forenight	Vigorous	Optimistic	Superiority Complex
Shy ★	Ferocious	Pastidious	Influential	Friendly	Perfectionist
Stadious	Feastmist	Eccentric	Domineering	Responsive	Good Sense of value
Emotional	Critical	Authoritative	Truthful	Nasty	Discriminating
Considerate	Determined	Active	Dependable	Careless	Sense of humor
Talkative	Ambitious	Analytical ★	Sensitive ★	Cowardly	Well Adjusted
Cruel	Impulsive	Andacious	Generous	Courageous	Enthusiastic
Strong	Extrovert	Methodical	Impractical	Suspicious ★	Inferiority Complex
Stingy	Introvert ★	Adaptable	Selfish	Reliable	Procrastinator
Stubborn	Outspoken	Cautious ★	Egocentric	Beligerant	Extravagant
Imaginative	Lazy	Reticent	Kind ★	Gregarious	Constructive ★

Talkative, Demonstrative, Open to Argument, Love of Opposite Sex.		Fluent Speaker, Extravagant Tastes, Charitable, Contemplative, Thoughtful		Exacting, Faithful, Modest, Systematic, Affectionate.		Scientific, Hard to Swerve, Shrewd, Aggressive, Hard to Take Advantage of.	
Delicate Nature, Luxurious Tastes, Sensitive, Sympathetic, Considerate.	★	Good Listener, Economical, Cautious, Reserved, Saving Disposition.		Secretive, Discreet, Love of Order, Trustful, Firm in Friendships.	★	Lacking Will Power, Changeable, Careless, Negligent, Apt to Forget Appointments.	
Suspicious, Despondent, Moody, Skeptical, Doubtful, Apt to Worry.		Methodical, Attentive, Sincere, Cool and Calculating, Practical.		Pussy, Hard to Please, Artistic, Emotional, Fond of Excitement.		Cautious, Determined, Takes Care of Necessary Affairs.	★
Logical Thinker, Detailist, Conscientious, Individualistic, Constructive ability.		Intellectual Power, Lover of Admiration, Strong Likes and Dislikes.	★	Fond of Travel, Lover of Ease and Amusement, Friendly Type.		Determined Nature, Courageous, Good Mixer, Forceful, Strong Constitution, Efficient.	
Graceful, Honest, Well Poised, Pleasant, Patient, Dignified, Practical, Loyal.	★	Alert Personality, Plenty of Ability, Natural Born Psychologist.		Frankness, Outspoken Nature, Good Imagination, Self-esteem, Broadminded, Generous.		You Have a Very Fine Opinion of Yourself.	
Tender-hearted, Unenthusiastic, Reserved Dependancy, Feelings Hurt Easily.	★	Strives to Keep Domestic Obligation on an Even Keel.		Restlessness, observant, Active mind, Excitable, Speculative, Keen Foresight.	★	Ambitious, Independent, Harmonious Disposition, Energetic, Self-Confidence	
Control Emotions, Develop Self-Control, Guard Against Appearing Insincere.		Kind, Devotive, Good Natured, Sociable, Jealous Where Love is Concerned.		Calm, Good Reasoning Power, Power of Intuition, Desirous to Make Others Happy.		Keen Interest, Emotional, Desire of Affection, Devotive, Happy Active Mind.	

FROM THE MARYLAND STATE FAIR. RECENTLY FOUND IN A STACK OF STUFF I WAS THROWING AWAY.